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MAY MEETING, 1904.

A STATED meeting was held on Thursday, the 12th instant, at three o'clock, P. M. ; the President in the chair.

The record of the Annual Meeting was read and approved ; and reports were received from the Corresponding Secretary and the Librarian, the latter of whom said :

In behalf of Mrs. Ellen Hinckley Waitt, of Yonkers, New York, but formerly of Dorchester, I wish to present a water-color painting of the British fleet which brought over the "Sam Adams" regiments, as it appeared in Boston Harbor, on October 1, 1768. The picture is still enclosed in the original frame, and its dimensions are about twenty-eight inches by nine inches. The water-mark of the paper is surmounted by a crown, and underneath are the letters "LVG" ; and on the back is written, probably in a contemporary hand : "The property of Daniel Adams." It is dedicated to Thomas Vernon, and was painted by Christian Remick, an artist of some local repute in his day, who is known to have made several other similar copies of the picture, all somewhat larger than this one. The Essex Institute at Salem is the fortunate possessor of two, one copy dedicated to Jonathan Peal, and the other with an inscription beginning with the words "Magna Charta" ; the New-England Historic Genealogical Society owns another, dedicated to Gibbens Sharp ; and at the late Whitmore sale on November 11-14, 1902, a fourth copy, dedicated to John Hancock and once belonging to him, was bought by certain gentlemen connected with the Club of Odd Volumes, and has recently been engraved.

The copy now presented by Mrs. Waitt was given to her by Miss Jane Fettyplace, of East Boston, about the year 1870.

Christian Remick, the artist, was a native of Eastham, where he was born on April 8, 1726, and, like his father, was a sailor

and master mariner. The following advertisement taken from "The Boston-Gazette, and Country Journal," October 16, 1769, gives some interesting facts connected with his artistic work:—

Christian Remick, lately from Spain,

BEGS Leave to inform the Public, That he performs all sorts of Drawing in Water Colours, such as Sea Pieces, Perspective Views, Geographical Plans of Harbours, Sea-Coasts, &c. — Also, Colours Pictures to the Life, and Draws Coats of Arms at the most reasonable Rates. — Specimens of his Performances, particularly an accurate View of the Blockade of Boston, with the landing the British Troops on the first of October 1768, may be seen at the Golden-Ball and the Bunch of Grapes Taverns, or at Mr. Thomas Bradford's, North-End, Boston.

The TREASURER said that since the last meeting he had received the amount of the bequests to the Society under the wills of John Langdon Sibley and of Charlotte A. L. Sibley. The amount to the credit of the John Langdon Sibley Fund, including one quarter part of the income since Mrs. Sibley's death, is \$154,704.28; the balance of the income, \$5,490.84, has been placed to the credit of Income of John L. Sibley Fund. The amount to the credit of the Charlotte A. L. Sibley Fund is \$22,509.48.

Messrs. Edward J. Young, Alexander McKenzie, and Charles C. Smith were appointed a Committee to publish the Proceedings for the current year; and Messrs. Charles C. Smith, Winslow Warren, and Charles K. Bolton a Committee to publish a selection from the Heath Papers given to the Society by the late Amos A. Lawrence.

In answer to a call from the President, Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE said :

I am happy to speak informally of my friend Professor Smyth, and the more because he was not well known to the gentlemen of the Society, while he was one of its worthiest members. His life was retired, and his work apart from the things with which most are concerned. He attended these meetings while he could, and made contributions to our proceedings. Yet if he was to a good degree a stranger here, he had a large acquaintance among men who during fifty

years had been his pupils at Brunswick and Andover, and in connection with the interests of the Congregational Church.

He was well born,—the son of William Smyth, for more than fifty years the Professor of Mathematics in Bowdoin College, where the son graduated in 1848. He was the oldest of eight children, another of whom, Dr. Newman Smyth of New Haven, is honorably known among scholars. The father was a man of strong character and of influence in his State, where he bore an active part in public affairs. After leaving college the son Egbert studied in the Bangor Theological Seminary and at Andover and at two separate periods in Germany. He was for two years the Professor of Rhetoric at Bowdoin, and for seven years he was there the Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion, with which the office of college preacher and pastor was connected. In 1863 he became Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Seminary at Andover. From economy or for convenience he was also for a time the lecturer on Pastoral Theology,—the practical side of a pastor's life. The professorship he held until his death. The field of church history is large, and he chose as his special province the history of Christian doctrine. He had, of course, a framework of dates and names, of councils and decrees; but his closer interest was with the advance of thought and the course of the truth or truths involved in this. Here his learning was broad and profound and steadily increasing. His work was thoroughly done, with the utmost carefulness and sincerity. He was the true historian. He was an inspiring teacher for those who wished to know the things he taught and to be accurate in them; who had something of his delight in tracing the course of doctrinal thought. To those who would have been content with an outline, with a picturesque presentation of men and of notable occurrences, he was not interesting. They called for instruction which was more stirring, more readily received and repeated. His lectures were the work of a scholar for men who desired to be scholars. The number of these varied from year to year, but there were always those who could accept this substantial teaching, which honored his position and himself.

But Professor Smyth was best esteemed by those who best knew him. In manner he was reserved, apparently remote. His imagination was not evident, and his wit was not much

in exercise. His heart was strong and warm, his sympathies quick and earnest. He was a pleasant companion, whose conversation was of advantage, with its ample knowledge and its interest in the world and its concerns. If one were near him, it was easy to see how rich and generous his nature was. His home was like himself: simple, refined, kindly, hospitable. His wife was the daughter of one of the most eminent and elegant of the clergymen of Maine, the Rev. Dr. William T. Dwight. She was a woman fitted in all respects to be his associate in his life and work. She was, perhaps, quicker than he, with more spirit and ambition. But their thought and purpose were one. They had no children, but many friends and guests, and their guests became their friends.

His home was a retreat for him out of the storms of the world. It was a refuge, a sanctuary. The storms were not very widely spread; they did not sweep around the world and disturb its oceans. But they were serious to those who felt them, and he was at the centre of them, where their noise was heard and their full force was felt. The events in his life were not such as would be greatly cared for or long remembered in a gathering like this. They were of importance in his province. Where he was, where his influence was felt, he stood prominently and stoutly for liberty of thought and speech. He was never noisy, but he made himself heard. His study of history had taught him that good men think on different lines, and that every man is free born and should assert his freedom while respecting in others what he claims for himself. I cannot repeat the story of the contest in which he had a conspicuous part. It is not a simple matter to tell where it began. It was known on Andover hill that Professor Smyth was not in favor with his eminent colleague whose presence rarely, if ever, brightened these rooms, and whose name was not long ago taken from our rolls by a hand which we cannot resist. I do not remember, if I ever knew, why Professor Park did not altogether approve his younger neighbor. Their two chairs had been in some degree alienated before this time. Is there any incongruity between Theology and History? This is possible. Their methods and interests are not without differences. Sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, prevails. I fear that for the most part Theology and its adjuncts prevail against History. However that may

be, there was some measure of coldness between these two men. This would not have been worth mentioning if it had not happened that, upon Professor Park's resignation of his office, Dr. Smyth, of New Haven, was chosen by the Trustees as his successor. That anomalous body known as the Board of Visitors refused to confirm the election. A new question was then brought forward, and in Congregational circles, and beyond them, it assumed a large importance. Phrases were coined for its definition, such as "the new departure," "future probation," and the like. They have long been obsolete, but for months they had a semblance of life, and brought in confusion, and parted friends, and uttered dark prophecies. The question, briefly stated, was whether a man's life is always determined by the part of it which he spends in this world. There was said to be something of partiality and a lack of fairness if this is so, inasmuch as many have here the teaching of Christ and his ministry, while others have no knowledge of him or of his words, yet those from Christian and those from heathen lands go on to the same judgment. In view of this, it was suggested that beyond this world Christ could be made known to those who had not heard of him, and could thus have the benefit of his work of redemption. This was not clearly proved, but it was believed by many, and hoped by more. An enthusiast, with an erratic mind, ventured the thought that in an interval between a man's ceasing to breathe and the final act of death he might come under gracious influences which he had not before known. This led to one of Professor Smyth's rare bits of satire and humor, that this was a substitution for probation after death of probation after breath. I cannot pursue this subject. A great deal was said and written, apparently with little result. In all this Professor Smyth was conspicuous. He had his place in councils for settling ministers, where this question was sure to come up; and he was on the Committee of the American Board which was sending missionaries abroad. Should men and women be sent who were not sound on this article of the faith? The churches finally took the decision into their own hands, and the more liberal views carried the day. Very soon the charge was heard that, not on this point alone, but on others also, most of the Andover professors were not true to their obligations to the much misunderstood docu-

ment known as the Andover Creed. They had engaged to teach what it taught, and it was charged that they were not doing it. Not in their lectures only, but in their writings, and especially in a magazine which they published, called the "Andover Review," they were asserting or defending "the new departure." Complaint was made to the Visitors, and five professors were put upon trial. This was a serious affair, for it involved the interpretation of the creed. Some demanded a very close adherence to its terms as they were understood when it was written. Others claimed that it should be taken in what was known as the "historic sense," and for "substance of doctrine." Upon essentially the same evidence, with personal variations, four of the defendants were acquitted, and one, whose life we are reviewing, was condemned, and at once declared removed from his office. To this some men might have submitted. Professor Smyth was not of that temper. How often we find in a man of mild manners a belligerent spirit! He refused to be put out of his professorship in this fashion. The Trustees stood with him. The appeal went to the Supreme Court of the State, where hearing followed hearing for weary years, and with distinguished lawyers on both sides. Finally, by a divided vote, the court dismissed the cause, by reason of a technical irregularity, and to this day the case remains undecided, save as time has given the judgment from which no appeal is taken. It now ranks with antiquities. There were two results: the treasury of the institution lost more than thirty thousand dollars in legal expenses; but also the claim which Professor Park had asserted when he was himself the defendant was confirmed. He had asserted his right to do his own thinking, and this right is forever established upon those who have followed him. They are held to the creed so long as they serve under it, but they can read it for themselves. In all this prolonged discussion Professor Smyth kept his characteristic firmness and dignity. He was the scholar and the gentleman. He gave no signs of malice or ill-will. He believed that he was right, and he defended his position.

His last years were quiet and industrious. His students were few, but his teaching did not fail. He was unwilling that the Seminary should leave "the sacred hill" for Cambridge, and he was ready to work on to the end in the old

place. The death of his wife preceded his by a few weeks, and now the manly form which we knew lies in the field where so many illustrious men have found repose.

What more shall I say of him? He was conservative, for he was the historian, and he was at liberty; he was fond of the old, but honest towards the new, for he was the learner from old men and the teacher of young men. His life was, in the highest measure, spiritual; with "polemic sagacity" he had a generous and affectionate heart. It is the instance of another man who has done his work faithfully, spoken his word bravely, and added to the learning and the virtue of his time.

Messrs. EDWARD STANWOOD and MORTON DEXTER followed in a few remarks bearing testimony to the skill and fidelity of Dr. McKenzie's portraiture of his friend.

Mr. JOSIAH P. QUINCY communicated copies of eight letters from Miss Anna Cabot Lowell to Mrs. Anne Grant, and said:

I am going to give into the keeping of the Society this thin package of letters — or rather copies of letters — written by a lady who was one of the most esteemed figures in the social life of Boston during the first decade of the last century. I can almost persuade myself that I had the privilege of knowing Miss Anna Cabot Lowell, so vividly was her personality put before me from the recollections of those with whom my youth was in contact. She was the dearly beloved friend of my grandmother, who called one of her daughters by Miss Lowell's name.

The lady left this life some score of years before I entered it; yet I can easily understand how the occult forces of the subconscious mind might put a creative pressure upon incidents derived from others even to the point of presenting them as personal recollections. And this induces me to add an illustration to a paper upon the limits of reliable memory which I had the privilege of reading to the Society some three years ago. I refer to the striking instance of pseudo-memory given in the recently published biography of James Martineau — a man of unusual intellectual vigor and exceptional keenness of perception. Dr. Martineau had a distinct recollection of having heard Theodore Parker preach. In the language of his biographer, he was accustomed to declare that the occa-

sion had left a vivid impression upon his memory. It was with much difficulty that Dr. Martineau was at length convinced that he had been absent from Liverpool on the single Sunday that Mr. Parker preached there, and that his supposed memory was an image constructed from the descriptions of others. This seems to me to furnish a striking warning of the caution with which recollections—even those of persons of high intellectual competency and undoubted veracity—should be considered in the production of history. Memory, especially in persons of advanced years, may easily exchange its function of a recorder for that of a producer.

These letters of Miss Lowell were addressed to Mrs. Anne Grant, of Laggan, in Scotland. This lady came to America as a child in 1758 and passed ten years here. Her experience at length took the form of a book bearing the title “Memoirs of an American Lady”—the lady being Madame Schuyler. The property of her father, Mrs. Grant mentions, “was swallowed up in the gulf of the Revolution,” and she has naturally neither kindly feeling for that break with the past nor belief that its outcome could be other than disadvantageous to the Society she so pleasantly depicts. Early in the last century Mrs. Grant published another book called “Letters from the Mountains,” and this certain admiring ladies in Boston had reprinted by subscription. Miss Lowell representing the subscribers, wrote to Mrs. Grant enclosing a draft for £100 as the first profits of the volume; and so the correspondence began. A member of Miss Lowell’s family, who subsequently met Mrs. Grant in Scotland, had these copies made from the originals in that lady’s possession. They were given to my grandmother, Mrs. Quincy, as a memorial of her friend.

In a letter to Mrs. Hook, dated August 14, 1811, Mrs. Grant thus speaks of the death of her American correspondent: “I have lately received painful news from America. A light is there quenched which while it lasted spread intelligence and animation wherever its pure emanations reached. I speak of the admirable Miss Lowell whose prediction which I transcribed for you in one of my late letters, was fulfilled in November last. She was really like a dying lamp wasting in undiminished brightness, and cheering and enlightening all around her till the last drop of vital energy was exhausted.”

Miss Lowell’s letters seem to me worth preserving, though

it is not desirable to print them. The numerous collections of letters which it is now the fashion to thrust before the public often seem wanting in that unconscious exhibition of the fleeting moods of a personality which should give such compositions their peculiar interest. We doubt whether the conspicuous person was quite unaware that he was posing for posterity. In travelling I once came into friendly relations with a lady honorably known by reputation to all who are here. One evening she looked up from a letter she was writing and said to me: "I find it almost impossible to write naturally to a friend, for somewhere in the background of consciousness is the cynical question, 'How will this look in print after you are dead?'" No such disturbing interrogation was heard by the writer of these letters. A certain embellishment of fine writing, which they may seem to us to show, was then perfectly natural. Emotion called for more vigorous expression, as there were fewer channels into which it could be directed. The newspaper, which now scatters our sympathies about the world, provides no single spot upon which they can be concentrated. The standpoint of the unsentimental sociologist, which circumstances now force upon us, was quite impossible to the limited outlook of a lady in the old town of Boston. And so I leave these expressions of a sincere and lovely nature for the perusal of the few who may find them of interest.

Mr. Quincy supplemented his remarks by reading several extracts from Miss Lowell's letters, which attracted much interest, and a strong desire was expressed that the letters, or some parts of them, should be printed. The whole matter having been referred to the Committee for publishing the Proceedings, it has been thought best to print the first two letters and the last one in full, with extracts from four of the others. It may be added that Anna Cabot Lowell was the eldest child of Hon. John Lowell (H. U., 1760) by his first wife, Elizabeth Higginson, and was born in Newburyport March 30, 1768. She died in Boston December 18, 1810. Two of her brothers, John Lowell (H. U., 1786) and Charles Lowell, and two of her nephews, John Amory Lowell and James Russell Lowell, were members of the Historical Society, not to mention kindred of a later generation.

BOSTON, March 18th, 1809.

Had the author of "Letters from the Mountains"¹ only displayed in them the powers of her understanding, an humble individual of her own sex in a distant country would hardly have presumed to address her. But she has also made her readers acquainted with the virtues of her heart. Candour, sensibility, and benevolence are qualities which give assurance to the most timid. Encouraged by them I will venture to introduce myself to your notice; not to claim kindred with a superior mind, for that would be too aspiring, but simply as the amanuensis of a little circle who have entered into your joys and sorrows, who have followed you through the varied and picturesque scene of your native regions, reposed with you in the embosomed retreat of "green Laggan," wandered by the side of your favorite stream, entered the humble cottage, and taken to their bosoms your lovely children. They have wept with you at the dissolution of the dearest earthly ties, and feel ready to embrace those constant friends who appear still to cherish you. This is not a *common* interest, and the ladies who feel it are desirous to discover it by something more than profession. They are grateful to you for the respectable as well as interesting point of view in which you have placed the female character, grateful that you have taught the ubelieving to acknowledge that the possession and cultivation of the highest intellectual powers are not incompatible with the practice of domestic virtues and the performance of every-day duties. They are grateful too for the simple and elegant model of epistolary writing you have given to your own sex, and for the just sentiments and rational views of life impressed upon them by the eloquence of example rather than precept. Influenced by motives and feelings such as these, several ladies formed a plan of having an edition of the "Letters" printed here by subscription. They could not hope in a country not advanced enough for literary leisure, where hereditary wealth is never known, and is only acquired by commerce, where taste and refinement are usually found in retirement, and are often the only riches of their possessor, to dispose of a large number of books. Other circumstances also conspired to make the present moment an unpropitious one for such an undertaking. The mistaken policy of the rulers of our once prosperous and happy country by suspending all commercial intercourse has produced a great deal of individual distress. Many industrious families are thrown upon the charity of the more opulent. Many who con-

¹ Mrs. Grant's "Letters from the Mountains" was first published in three volumes in 1806. It has since passed through numerous editions. A copy of the "First American from the Third London Edition" is in the library of the Historical Society. This is the edition which was printed under the direction of the ladies represented by Miss Lowell.—EDS.

sidered themselves independent are by the present state of affairs reduced to half their former income; and of course less disposition is felt to encourage genius and reward merit. But though obliged to limit their wishes your friends would not relinquish their design. Unchilled by predictions of ill-success from those who frowned or laughed at a female project, they have obtained a subscription for more than 800 copies, the diffusion of which will, they believe, impart pleasure and instruction. While at the same time they hope you will reward the little exertion by accepting the small sum which will remain after the expenses of the publication. A bill for £100 stg. will accompany this letter. After all the expenses are paid, and the books disposed of, we hope to make another remittance of about half that sum. We send also by the same conveyance a set of the books as a specimen of the manner in which the work is executed. It is, however, not a fair one as it respects the binding, which would be done in a neater manner if the time permitted it. The books are not yet ready for delivery, but unwilling to lose an opportunity which may not soon occur again we have had this finished in a hurried manner. With the books you will receive a written list of subscribers. It is not compleat, as the lists have not been returned from New York or Philadelphia, — in those places, however, as the book was little or not at all known, little encouragement has been given it. In this town and its vicinity, where the personal influence of the ladies who undertook the work is great, it has received a liberal patronage. And perhaps it will gratify you to learn that almost every name is to be found in the very first rank of society in our country. Will it be presumptuous to ask in return from you not merely an acknowledgment that you have received our communication, but some little account of your present situation, of the objects and friends you have rendered so interesting to us. Have your children fulfilled the early promise they gave of excellence; do they still surround you and cheer the declining path of life? Tell us of your favorite friends; we almost feel that they are ours. Perhaps you also may wish to know something of those who feel so well acquainted with you. Had you visited New England during the last twenty years the name of Higginson alone would cause the train of virtues connected with it to pass in review before you. It is a name which, like that of Howard, though in a narrower sphere, serves all the purposes of eulogium. Perhaps no individual with the same power ever performed so many acts of benevolence as the husband¹ of the lady who is among your warmest friends. It might be enough to say of her, that she merits to share his fame as she does his happiness, but I cannot resist the inclination

¹ Stephen Higginson, Jr. He married, as his second wife, the lady here referred to, — Louisa Storrow. — Eds.

to add that in the beauty of her person, some traits of her character, and in some parts of her history, she seems to me to resemble your own lamented Charlotte. Her sister, Miss Storrow, whose excellence of understanding and warmth of heart would entitle her to your esteem, has also been active in aiding the little plan of the other ladies. I shall only say, that they are nearly connected with those already mentioned by ties of family or friendship. Any letters sent to the care of S. Williams, Esq., Finsbury Square, London, will probably reach us in safety. Direct, if you please, to Miss Anna C. Lowell, Boston, New Eng^d, and allow her to subscribe herself, with respect and friendship,

Yours, &c.

A. C. L.

BOSTON, March 30th, 1809.

If a letter inclosing a bill of exchange for an £100 has been so fortunate as to reach the hands of M^{rs} Grant, she will already have been introduced to a circle of friends who love and admire her. The fear of becoming tedious or obtrusive by again repeating sentiments of which the heart is full, induces me to suppress much that offers itself to my pen. It is, however, necessary to say, that the delight imparted by your "Letters" has so much interested several ladies in this town that they have sought to diffuse the benefit by having an edition of them published here. In many respects the time was an unpropitious one; but zeal and affection can do much, and what susceptible mind can read the "Letters from the Mountains" without having both awakened? A subscription for more than eight hundred copies has been obtained in a little circle. My brother,¹ a young clergyman of this town who received part of his education in Scotland, and returned with an enthusiastic affection for it, received a copy of your work. He cheerfully gave it to us for publication here, and now covers these several letters to some of his respected friends in Edinburgh. You will, I hope, receive by another conveyance the first bill of exchange, with a set of the books and a letter more fully expressing the feelings and views of your American friends. Allow me to repeat in this letter the hope that you will honour us by a reply, and will make us acquainted with the situation of those beloved children and those constant friends in whom you have already given us so lively an interest. With respect and esteem,

Yours, &c.

A. C. L.

¹ Rev. Charles Lowell, youngest son of Judge Lowell by his third wife, Rebecca Russell, was settled over the West Church in Boston, Jan. 1, 1806. He was Recording Secretary of the Historical Society from 1818 to 1833, and Corresponding Secretary from 1833 to 1849.—EDS.

BOSTON, Nov^{br} 8th, 1809.

MY DEAR MADAM, — You will allow me thus to reciprocate your own kind salutation, and to feel while I write to you that I am no longer addressing a stranger. Your interesting recital of so many of the events of your chequered life has awakened a sympathy which, though wide the ocean that rolls between us, may assume the name of friendship. I have just received your letter of August 12th, with the brief but affecting history of the last few years of your life. . . .

I am led to make these remarks by comparing your interesting wish "that our kindred ties might become bonds of endearment" with some passages of your Memoirs of an "American Lady."¹ When I tell you that I have read that work with *unaffected*, though not with *unalloyed* pleasure, do not suspect that my heart glows not with that "love of country" which *you* say "hardly exists here." Yes, my respected friend, however, in a qualified sense, your observations may apply to many portions of our extended nation, believe the assurance, that in N. England many a patriot may be found who does not "prefer" his country merely "because its rivers are wide and deep," or "because he has forests to retire to if the god of gainful commerce should prove unpropitious on the shore." Still less, because "if his negro is disrespectful or disobedient he can *sell him*, and buy another," for in New England there is *no such thing* as slavery. A negro slave is an object I have never seen, except in other states and countries. The few *domestic* slaves (for we had no plantations that require their labour) that were held in this country received their liberty at the commencement of the revolution. And the *slave trade*, for the abolition of which some of the greatest and best men in Great Britain struggled so long in vain, has been prohibited under severe penalties by the laws of Massachusetts ever since it became an independent state. As this is a profitable branch of trade, and as the adventurous seamen of the North are the carriers of all other merchandize for their Southern brethren, does not this prohibition afford some presumption that the "love of gain" has not "swallowed up *every* better principle"? But to enter fully into the vindication of a people who so nearly resemble the nation from which they sprung that they may well claim *kindred* with it would exceed the limits of a letter and require an abler pen than mine. I will content myself with simply stating some of the causes of the pain and the pleasure with which I perused your last work. . . .

Your eloquent tribute to the memory of the great Hamilton must be read here with delight, for in no part of America was he more truly

¹ The first edition of Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady" was published in the latter part of 1808, and was reprinted in the United States in the following year. It has been often reprinted, both in England and in this country.—EDS.

estimated. That in war and in peace he was the friend and counsellor of the great and good Washington would alone be proof of his transcendent merit. It may give N. E^d a higher place in your esteem to know that in it reside some of the most beloved friends and confidential advisers of Hamilton whose brilliant career threw a glory round his nation. In some of the circles most dear to me I have seen his eye beam intelligence, and heard from his lips a flow of eloquence rarely excelled. One of those who shared his confidence and lived in his heart, did not long survive him. I speak of M^r Ames, who has been styled the Burke of America. Listening senates have hung in rapture on his accents, and when he delivered his last celebrated speech on the British treaty even his political enemies melted into tears. Should you say, it was like drawing "iron tears down Pluto's cheek," the allusion would not be inapplicable. I could add the names of Pickering, Cabot, and many other worthies who gave a lustre to the happy and dignified administration of Washington, whom could I make you personally acquainted with them would elevate your ideas of the New England character, of which Hamilton himself thought so highly, that at a public dinner not long before his death he gave as a toast: "The capital of Massachusetts, the *headquarters* of good principles." . . .

I have learned from M^r Philip Schuyler, a son of Gen^l Schuyler, who is married to a connection of ours, that most of your recollections of his family are correct. He said, an old friend of his observed you had made some mistakes in blending the Schuyler and Cuyler family. There is, however, one mistake which I have been requested to point out to you, because it touches very nearly the reputation of an *aged* and *amiable* man in this place. It is an anecdote of a M^{rs} Wendell, whom you describe as having been *robbed* of her property by the connections of her husband. A gentleman of the first consequence here, a man possessing the principles and manners of the *Old School*, and who remembers the family of the Wendells gave me the following account. Col. Jacob Wendell, the head of the family, came early in life from Albany and entered into a flourishing mercantile house. He married a lady of this State whose name was Oliver. He was beloved and respected, became a member of the King's Council, and was singularly hospitable and benevolent. When he died he left a moderate fortune of 8 or £10,000 sterling to be divided among his family. He had two brothers who came hither some years after him from Albany, — one a cooper, the other a sailmaker. He assisted them in their business, and being himself engaged in foreign commerce was enabled to give them employment. They were of course in some measure *dependent* on him. They both struggled hard through life, and left *no property*, which was at that period rarely, if ever, acquired in a mechanic employment. The brother who was a cooper brought a wife with him, who may have

been the person you saw. She remained some years here after his death, and with her children received constant favours and attentions from her brother-in-law. The gentleman who related this (Jonathan Jackson, Esq.) remembers to have *seen her* at his father's house and at Col. Wendell's. She was called "*Dutch Aunt*," spoke bad English, and seemed to be a pious, good woman. She was treated with much kindness by the family. From these facts, which are remembered by many here, it seems impossible that she should have been defrauded of her property if she had any, and that too by a man so well known and so highly esteemed. The son of this Col. Wendell is the *old* gentleman I have mentioned, the Hon. Oliver Wendell. It is some evidence that *his family* could not have been considered as guilty of so great injustice by M^r Schuyler that he has all his life been in the habit of going frequently to see his connections in Albany, and always visited the venerable friend of your early youth. He was delighted with your notice of her in your Letters and became in consequence of it a subscriber to that work. As another proof of the innocence of this family the friend who gave me this information added, that when travelling, quite a young man, into the State of New York, this son of Col. Wendell's gave him a letter to Madam Schuyler, by whom he (M^r Jackson) was graciously received on account of his friend. She invited him to visit her again. This was not long before her death. He describes her appearance and manners much as you have done, and was particularly impressed with her dignity and the influence she appeared to have on those around her. An example of which he saw and related. As there has been no other family of the name of Wendell in this place, and as this was connected with the Schuylers by marriage, it is not obvious *how* the *mistake* arose. Yet it seems highly probable there *must* have been one.¹ . . .

If your time is too precious, will you not put a pen into the hands of one of your daughters, and allow them to continue a correspondence so valuable to us? Perhaps the vicissitudes of life may at some future time lead them to this part of the world; in such case they would not find themselves in a *land of strangers*. Many hearts will spring to meet them, and many hands offer them a friendly greeting. But the hand and heart of *one* who would do it most warmly will ere then be cold. Complaints of the lungs, slow often in their progress, but ever fatal in their termination, will, I know not how soon, call me from this world of shadows to one of bright realities. This hope is founded not in presumptuous self-dependence, but on the mercies of a gracious God

¹ The discreditable story on which Miss Lowell animadverts continues to be reprinted in the "Memoirs of an American Lady," without note or comment, and it seems proper that her rectification of it should be put on permanent record here. — Ebs.

and the merits of a compassionate Saviour. Once more, however, perhaps more than once, I may hear from you in this world. In another we are not forbidden to hope that what has been commenced on earth may be perfected. Engaged in the same sublime service we may learn to know and love one another ; for may not a portion of heavenly felicity consist in finding new springs of knowledge and new objects of affection? But should my intercourse with you in this way soon terminate, there are others who will long cherish your remembrance, and who are worthy of your friendship.¹ In my first letter I mentioned to you M^{rs} Higginson and her sister Miss Storrow, as having united with me in the plan of publishing your Letters as models of epistolary style and lessons of life for our sex. The unbounded yet well-directed benevolence of S. Higginson, Jun^r, has occasioned him to be called the American Man of Ross.

“ Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans, bless,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.”

Mrs. H. is young and beautiful ; her fine understanding and benevolent heart are engaged in aiding her husband in all his plans for the happiness of others. In these employments and in the duties of a wife and mother she finds sufficient occupation without entering often in those scenes of gaiety and splendor which their rank in society and ample fortune would enable her to enjoy. Her sister, united to a fine and highly cultivated understanding, has an exquisite sensibility of heart. Her ardent and feeling mind was warmly interested in your affecting history, and she feels as if she must be allowed to know and love you better.

Another of your warm admirers is M^{rs} Quincy.² This lady is a native of N. York, but marrying a gentleman of this place, she has been for some time the ornament of our circle. Her husband is one of that band of real patriots who are now defending the cause of good government in our National Legislature. Though branded with the name of “ British partisan,” he continues to support with firmness what he believes to be [for the] best interest of his country. Mrs. Quincy is one

¹ In a letter to Mrs. Hook, dated April 23, 1810, Mrs. Grant copied the part of this letter beginning, “ Perhaps the vicissitudes of life,” and ending at this point, adding, “ Thus far this angel mind, which seems already on the wing to a more congenial region. Dear and beloved friend, what can I add that you could read with interest after this ? ” And in a letter to the same correspondent, in August, 1811, occur the sentences quoted by Mr. Quincy in his remarks (see Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, vol. i. pp. 236, 237 ; 282, 283). — Eds.

² Wife of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, afterward President of Harvard College. In the privately printed Memoir of Mrs. Eliza S. M. Quincy are numerous references to Miss Lowell ; and in a letter to his wife, dated Washington, Dec. 23, 1810, a few days after Miss Lowell’s death (p. 143), Mr. Quincy characterizes her as “ the most excellent and justly beloved of all your friends.” — Eds.

of my dearest friends; her understanding is my guide, and her virtues my model. I have sometimes imagined that in manners and character she resembled *you*. She is educating her children much as you would approve. Would the limits of a letter permit I could introduce you to several others not undeserving your notice. Should you pass the winter in Edinburgh [you] may probably meet with some young men who will be able to give some information of those friends here who will never cease to cherish a remembrance of you. It is now quite customary for such young men as can afford it to receive a part of their education in your country. There is at present a young gentleman by the name of Lincoln, who is pursuing medical studies. I am not personally acquainted with him, but he is well known to many of my friends. His family are respectable, and I have been assured his character is amiable and correct. There is also a very young man who has been a year or two in Edinburgh, and has I suppose become quite Scotsman by this time. He is son to a lady of handsome fortune and most amiable character. She is a widow, and though elegant, and not even yet old, has since the death of her husband devoted herself to the education of her children and the exercises of piety and charity. The young man's name is Codman.¹ I believe he resides with a clergyman named Dickson. . . .

BOSTON, Decbr 25th, 1809.

. . . I mentioned in a former letter two young men from this place who, I believe, are not unworthy of your notice should you meet with them, M^r Lincoln and M^r Codman. In Edinburgh you may also meet with some friends of my brother. He loves Scotland so much that I think he must have been beloved there, and perhaps I may say, not undeservedly so. Though only 27 years of age he has one of the largest congregations in our city, and is universally beloved by them. There is a family by the name of Cambell with whom he was intimate. Some of them are now in India. They were near relations to Col. Cambell of the Guards who was killed in the unfortunate expedition to Holland a number of years ago. Some of the young ladies loved him as a brother and have continued to correspond with him. With Professor Stewart and D^r Hunter and several other gentlemen he has also corresponded, but the arduous duties of his parish, and the new duties of a husband and father, I might add *nurse*, for he is very domestic, occupy him so much that he exercises his pen but little except in a professional way. . . .

¹ Presumably George, eldest son of Mrs. Catharine Amory Codman, second wife and widow of the Hon. John Codman; at the time this letter was written the young man was in his nineteenth year. — EDS.

Perhaps it will give to your benevolent heart a degree of satisfaction to know that you have cheered so many hours of a poor invalid. My physician, who is also a beloved friend, declares that the interest I have taken in you for a year past has done more to keep me alive than all his prescriptions. It is certain that any thing which serves to give a new spring to the affections of a warm heart has a happy effect upon the health, and I have never yet suffered sickness to depress that enthusiasm which you happily say, is the "*fan* of a warm climate, and the *fur* of a cold one." At any rate, as long as this heart continues warm, you and the friends around you will dwell in it with undiminished regard. . . .

BOSTON, June 19th, 1810.

. . . My second brother,¹ with his wife and children and a sister of M^{rs} Lowell's are about to embark for Europe. Various motives induce them to travel at this time. The health of M^{rs} Lowell, which has been for some time delicate, the hope of giving to their children some advantages of education superior to those in our own country, and the pleasure and improvement they anticipate from seeing other countries, have all their influence. Their reasonable expectations I hope will not be disappointed. They are sober, rational people, accustomed to domestic life, possessed of competence but without either the wish or the power to move in the dazzling sphere of fashion. They seek for themselves useful information and the society of the good and agreeable when they can be obtained with propriety, and for their children such attainments as will make them useful and happy in life, fit them for honorable professions, and enable them to mingle in the best society. On this subject, my dear M^{rs} Grant, you may perhaps be useful to my brother and sister. You will be able to advise them of the best schools for their sons, as you have one of nearly the same age for whom your maternal solicitude has been excited. And should you permit M^{rs} Lowell to consult you respecting her daughter, I am sure your excellent judgment would be to her an invaluable treasure. You will find M^{rs} Lowell so lovely in her character, you will discover in her so much good sense, so much delicacy of sentiment, so much sweetness of temper and purity of heart, that when you have penetrated the veil which humility and modesty may draw over her excellencies in the presence of a stranger, I am sure you will become interested in giving her your aid in forming a plan for her children while she resides among you. These friends will not be willing to encroach on your

¹ Francis Cabot Lowell, son of Judge Lowell by his second wife, Susanna Cabot. He was with his brother-in-law, Patrick T. Jackson, one of the founders of the cotton manufacture in Massachusetts; and the eldest of his three sons, John Lowell, Jr., was the founder of the Lowell Institute.—EDS.

time; nor will they require any attentions which will not be perfectly convenient for you to pay. The pleasure of sometimes conversing with you during half an hour of leisure, should your residence be near them, they would highly estimate. . . .

BOSTON, July 23^d, 1810.

. . . The laws of our country divide estates equally, so that property becomes by division very moderate among a large family. And most families among us are large. Genius therefore has no patrons. We have no order of men who have fortune and leisure to cultivate and encourage talents. All must push their own way to fortune, and those who feel the celestial fire glowing within them are more likely where the popular form of government leaves the very first offices open to ambition, where every man who feels that he has superior talents feels that he may become President of the United States. They become politicians rather than poets. Some of our great men are occupied with ambitious views; the Muses may long sleep in classic groves for them. Others, genuine patriots, beholding the incessant dangers of democracy, are obliged to employ all their talents to save the important institutions of law and freedom from popular fury. In this incessant struggle you see there is no room for genius to unfold its fairest blossoms. You justly say, "These will not bear either the rude breath of civil discord or the fierce blaze of despotism." There is one species of genius to which these observations do not apply, and for which our country, considering its youth, holds a high rank among the nations. I mean, Painting; it has for a long time been distinguished for giving birth to painters, who having in this country no masters, and no models but the great sublime of nature, are self-taught. Some of these now hold a high rank in Europe. West, the President of the Royal Academy, was born and educated in our country. Copley, whose portraits and historical pieces are admitted into the first cabinets in England, did not leave this town till he was in middle life. Trumbull, whose paintings have received the highest praise, whose "Sortie of Gibraltar" alone would give him fame, is brother to the late Governor of Connecticut; he is not only a painter but a gentleman and a scholar, but he has unfortunately a wife who keeps him in the shade. We have also here now one of the first portrait painters living, Stewart.¹ He was many years in England and celebrated there. We have also a young man² who bids fair to surpass them all; his genius is wonderful; he is a poet as well as a painter, but the pencil is his first and cherished love. Of course the other talent is less cultivated. He

¹ Gilbert Stuart. — EDS.

² Washington Allston. — EDS.

has visited England, France and Italy to improve himself. He returned to fulfil an engagement of the heart, but as we have few or no purchasers for such pictures as his he will soon go to England, where I hope the sunshine of patronage may await his labours. Few young men deserve it more. His manners are polished; his mind improved and elevated, his morals pure; he has none of the failings of genius but that which Miss Smith had, *habitual reserve*; ¹ his too are *hoarded treasures*. Does not this production of great painters prove that genius may spring up in our soil? although circumstances may prevent the growth of some sorts of it. . . .

BOSTON, August 10th, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,—The inclosed letters have for several days waited for a safe conveyance to your hands. Such is now presented. Some of our most esteemed friends are now about to embark for your country, and I commit my letters to their care, assured that they will see them safely forwarded, even if they should be prevented from visiting Edinburgh, which is very probable. M^r and M^{rs} Higginson, the elder, are going to reside for some time in London. M^r H. is an uncle of mine and father to the gentleman of the same name whom I have already mentioned to you. M^r H. is a man of independent fortune, sound sense, and correct principles, truly respectable in all the relations of life. He goes to England partly in the hope that a change of climate for some time will retard the approaching infirmities of declining life, and partly to renew those early associations which are so pleasant, having been there in his youth. Still more powerfully is he drawn by having at present two sons fixed in London, one of whom he has not seen for many years, whom he parted with when he was a boy and went to receive part of his education in France, and whom he will now embrace as a man. This is so interesting a circumstance that although he expects to land at Greenock, he may possibly with M^{rs} H. go immediately to London without visiting Edinburgh. My letters

¹ The reference is probably to Miss Elizabeth Smith, the eminent orientalist. In a letter to Miss Douglas, of New York, under date of Aug. 15, 1827, Mrs. Grant writes of her, as "the celebrated Elizabeth Smith, a creature of the highest attainments, the soundest and most extensive knowledge, and the most devoted and purest piety of any female in our times. She was beautiful, excelled in all female accomplishments, and dressed with as much taste and neatness as if she could do nothing else. Human imperfection there must be; hers was extreme reserve. If not her looks, her soul was like Milton's Pensero—'communing with the skies'; yet she was not melancholy, but merely above the earth while in it. She died of consumption about twenty years ago." (Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, vol. iii. p. 98.) See also Dictionary of National Biography, vol. liii. pp. 32, 33.—Eds.

will, I hope, be put into your hands by a friend¹ whom I highly esteem, and whose merit, I hope, will entitle him to the most unequivocal recommendation to your favour. Of this, however, he will not be able to avail himself, as his present tour is one of business. I regret that you will not become acquainted with this gentleman whose best qualities do not develop themselves at first. Possessed of a fine understanding, a correct and polished taste, a heart tender and generous, and a most peculiar urbanity of temper, he has also added the most liberal education this country can bestow, and has finished the cultivation of his mind and taste by two visits to Europe before this, when he resided some time in Italy, France, and England. He has looked upon all those countries with an enlightened eye, and has not like some travellers brought home weeds instead of flowers, tinsel rather than gold. He has been in very good society abroad, and in the very best at home. Perhaps, you would rarely meet with one who could depict more faithfully or more pleasingly all that is worth delineation of nature or of art in all those various climes. He will be, however, only a bird of passage through your city, but has said it would gratify him to be able personally to deliver this letter, and to pass half an hour in the society of one who is so much the object of esteem and affection in the little circle of which when at home he makes a part. This friend of mine was appointed to deliver an address before a literary society connected with our University at an approaching anniversary. He had prepared his composition, which it will not now be in his power to deliver, and yesterday was good enough to read it for my amusement. The subject is a comparative view of the literature of G. Britain, France, and Italy, and some thoughts upon the state of it in our own country. In treating of this last part of his subject he has very handsomely answered your question, — “Why our country has as yet made so few steps towards literary eminence.” I just touched upon it in my letter in answer to you, but felt too sick to pursue the subject. Although this essay will not have the advantage of being delivered by the author, with an impressive eloquence which I am told he possesses when speaking in public, yet it [will] probably be printed, and I shall then have the pleasure to send you one, believing you will not find it unworthy of your approbation, and hoping it will supply some of the deficiencies of my own letter which I longed to be able to render more worthy of your perusal. See how you seduce me into prattling. I designed only to have mentioned our friends to you in a cover, and have

¹ William Tudor, Jr., founder and first editor of the North American Review, and author of “The Life of James Otis.” (For a notice of him, with a portrait, see Proceedings, vol. i. pp. 429-433.) His place as orator before the Φ B K Society was taken in 1810 by William Allen; in 1815 he gave the oration, taking as his subject “The Aborigines.” — EDS.

insensibly filled a sheet. My heart always leads me to be diffuse when in the presence of those I love. This effect is one which *you* have often experienced. I rely therefore confidently on your indulgence. When thus ideally present with you I say more than perhaps the occasion demands. I will now only add that I am, with undiminished sentiments of esteem and affection, your grateful friend.

ANNA C. LOWELL.

Mr. FRANKLIN B. SANBORN communicated from the archives of the Society a letter from Captain Nathaniel Folsom, descriptive of the fighting near Lake George, September 8, 1755, and said:—

In presenting to the Society in February a sketch of the life of President Langdon of Harvard College, I made allusion to an important letter of General Folsom, of Exeter, New Hampshire (to give him his latest title), written to Dr. Langdon in 1756, and giving the details of a desperate fight in the woods near Lake George, in the year preceding, of which no exact account has ever got into print, so far as I know. As the letter remains in the archives of this Society, it seemed desirable to publish it for the information of future historians, and also because of its own racy style, and the illustration which it gives, both of the jealousies entertained by the soldiers of one Province toward those of another, and of the spirit with which the New Hampshire soldiers habitually engaged in battle, in whatever war they might chance to take part. Vaughan at the siege of Louisbourg, Folsom and Stark and Rogers fighting Indians in the forest, Stark at Bunker Hill and Bennington, Sullivan at Trenton, Cilley at Saratoga, Scammell at Yorktown, Miller at Lundy's Lane, and the New Hampshire colonels generally in the Civil War, seem to have been animated by a common sentiment,—a strong wish to get at the enemy and never to retreat. In this particular skirmish Captain Folsom and his men had very little knowledge of how many or where their foemen were, but supposed their business was to go at them and drive them from the field. They fought exactly as the poet suggests,—

A battle whose full aim and scope
They little cared to know ;
Content — true men at arms — to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

The death of the New York captain, McGennis, from his wounds seems to have prevented him from reporting his part of the fight; and perhaps the wound of Sir William Johnson may have made him unfit to receive Captain Folsom's report, which he therefore rendered in full, six months after, to his neighbor, Parson Langdon of Portsmouth. I fancy that the latter went to Exeter to exchange with Parson Rogers; was entertained at dinner by Captain Folsom, not averse to fight his battles o'er again; heard the story by word of mouth, as Dr. Belknap afterwards did, and persuaded Folsom to write it out for use in future sermons. Here it is:

EXETER, March 27th, 1756.

REV^D SIR: As you desired me to give you a short narrative of the skirmish lately had near Lake George, I have now to inform you that, on the 8th of Sept^r, 1755, being at Fort Edward, Col^l Blanchard order'd me to detach a small scout upon discoveries, which I imediately did under the command of my lieut^t, Jeremiah Gilman. Who marched up between Hudson's river & the waggon road that leads to Lake George about two miles and a half, where they discoverd one Adams lying by the waggon road, dead & scalp'd, & several waggons almost burnt up. Upon which discovery they return'd & made report.

Col^l Blanchard imediately rallied his forces & sent me out with the command of fifty men; with orders to bring in the dead man (Adams) & to make what discoveries I could; whereupon we marchd to the spot & found Adams & found also eleven waggons almost consumed. I imediately sent a party of twenty men under the command of Lieut^t Abbot to scout two miles up towards the lake, whilst I, with the remainder, scouted round about the place where the enemy had made such destruction. And finding bread & meat & many other things scattered about where our enemies had camped the night before, & the waggon road being full of moguson tracks, we suppos'd there was a great number of French & Indians near us.

Upon which we tho't it most adviseable to return as soon as we could & make report; but while we were tying up the dead man in order to carry him into the fort we heard the discharge of a great gun at the lake & soon after the continual report of others. I call'd together our officers to advise whether we should go to the assistance of our friends at the lake whom we suppos'd to be engaged in battle; upon which officers & souldiers unanimously manifested their willingness to go. At that instant I was told there was more men coming, who were presently with us. They were a company of the York regt, who, when detachd at Fort Edward, were commanded by Cap^t M^cGennes.

I told him our army was attack'd at the lake, that we had determined to go to their assistance & ask'd him to go with us. Upon which he answer'd that his orders were to come to that spot, make what discoveries he could, return & make report. I told him that was my orders, but that this being an extraordinary case I was not afraid of being blamed by our super^r officers for helping our friends in distress. Whereupon he turn'd & order'd his company to march back again. I then told our officers that as our number was so small — but, as it were, a handfull — I tho't it most adviseable to return to the fort and add to our number & then proceed to the lake. We march'd, soon overtook the Yorkers & ran by them a little distance, where we met near fifty of our own regiment running towards us. I ask'd, "What tidings?" They said they tho't we had been engag'd & that Col^l Blanchard had sent them to our assistance.

Whereupon we imediately concluded to go to the lake ; but not having orders therefor, as before hinted, I despatch'd Lieu^t Emery with some few men with orders to go to the fort and to acquaint Col^l Blanchard with what we had discover'd and of our design to go to the lake. Meanwhile Cap^t M^cGennes march'd forward. We followed for about two miles but as I tho't they marched too slow & kept out no advance guards (by means of which we might be enclos'd in the ambushments of the Canadeans) I propos'd to our New Hampshire men to go by them. But one of our officers told me he tho't it not best to go before the Yorkers for that he was more afraid of them than of the enemy. Upon which I sent Cap^t M^cGennis's lieut^t forward to tell him to march faster or else to stop & let us go by them. But, he making no return, I sent one of our men forward to tell him the same errand & also to set out advance guards for fear of ambushments. He return'd me an answer that all I required of him he would do. We march'd on till we came within half a mile of the place where we began the battle ; when Capt^t M^cGennes & company started nine Indians, who run up the waggon road from us, upon which Cap^t M^cGennes & comp^y stopt. I, seeing them halt (being on a plain), orderd our men to move forward & pass by them. As soon as I came up with M^cGennes, I ask'd the reason of his stopping which he told was the starting of the Indians. I then mov'd forward & we ran about eighty rods & discoverd a Frenchman running from us on the left. Some of us chas'd him about a gunshot, fired at him, but, fearing ambushments, we turnd into the waggon road again & traveld a few rods, when we discoverd a number of French and Indians about two or three gunshots from us, who run from us.

Then we made a loud huzza & followd them up a rising ground and then met a large body of French & Indians, on whom we discharg'd our guns briskly till we had exchang'd shots about four or five times.

When I was call'd upon to bring up the Yorkers, (whom I thought had been up with us before) but finding them two or three gunshots back, I order'd them up to our assistance. And tho' but a small number of them came up, we still continued the engagement and soon caught a French lieu^t & an Indian, who inform'd us that we had engaged upward of eight hundred & knowing the smallness of our number (being in all but one hundred & forty-three men), we fix'd ourselves to fight in the best manner we could do; & seing our enemies continually recruited by fresh hands, not only in their front but on both our wings, gave every one of us (that could fight) occasion to exercise and exert ourselves. After being closely engaged for about three quarters of an hour, they kill'd two of our men & wounded several more on our left wing, where they had gain'd a great advantage of us.

Which, with our being very much tired and fatigued, occasioned us to retreat a little way back; but finding that by our retreat we were likely to give the enemy a greater advantage we rallied again in order to recover the ground we had lost, and thinking that if we quitted the ground we should loose our greatest advantage, about fifteen or twenty of us ran up the hill at all hazard. Which we had no sooner done but the enemy fired upon us vigorously; & then, seeing us coming upon them (we being charg'd & they discharg'd), they run & gave us the ground. Whereupon we all shouted with one voice and were not a little encouraged. In this skirmish Ensign Jonathan Folsom was shot through the shoulder & several others wounded. At every second or third discharge during the engagement we made huzzas as loud as we could but not to be compar'd to the yells of our enemies, which seem'd to be rather the yellings of devils than of men.

A little before sunsetting I was told that a party of the Yorkers were going to leave us, which surpris'd me. I look'd & saw them in the waggon road with packs on their backs. I went to them & asked where they were going. They said to Fort Edward. I told them they would sacrifice their own lives & ours too. They answer'd they would not stay there to be kill'd by the damn'd Indians after dark but would go off by daylight. Cap^t Moore and Lieu^t Abbot & myself try'd to perswade them to tarry, but to no purpose till I told them that the minit they attempted to march from us I would order our New Hamp^e men to discharge upon them. Soon after which they throw'd off their packs & we went to our posts again. Upon my return to my tree, where I had fought before, I found a neat's tongue (as I tho't) and a French loaf, which, happening in so good a season, I gave myself time to eat of; & seeing my lieu^t at a little distance, much tired & beat out, I told him if he would venture to come to me, I would give something to comfort him. He came to me & told me I was eating a horse's tongue. I told him it was so good I tho't he had never eat anything

better in his life. I presently saw some Yorkers handing about a cagg of brandy, which I took part of & distributed amongst the men. Which reviv'd us all to that degree that I imagin'd we fought better than ever we did before.

Between sunsett and the shutting in of daylight we call'd to our enemies; told them we had a thousand come to our assistance; that we should now have them imediately in our hands; and thereupon made a great shouting & beat our drums. Upon which they drew off upon the left wing, but stood it on the front & right wing till daylight was in & then retreated & run off. Then we begun to get things ready to march to the lake, when Providence sent us three waggon horses upon which we carry'd in six wounded men; made a bier & carry'd one on, lead some & carry'd some on our backs. We found six of our men kill'd & mortally wounded so that they dyed in a few days, and fourteen others wounded & shot through their cloaths, hatts, &c. With much difficulty we perswaded the Yorkers to go with us to the lake. In about an hour after the battle was over we march'd & sent two men forward to discover who were inhabitants at the lake. Who met us and told us all was well. Whereupon we march'd into the camp & told the army what we had done. As soon as they understood by us that we had drove the enemy off & made a clear passage for the English between forts, the whole army shouted for joy, like the shouting of a great host. We carry'd our wounded to Doctor Putnam's tent, where by him they were tenderly drest. Meantime I took a pilot to pilot me to Gen^l Johnson's tent; but, being much tired & fatigued, I was obliged to turn in to Coll^l Gutridge's tent for refreshment, where they told me the gen^l was wounded; & it being past midnight, they adviz'd me to tarry till the morning, which I did, and then waited on the gen^l & told him where we came from, the occasion of our coming, what we had done & that we were destitute of all comfortable things, (having left our coats, blankets, &c., at Fort Edward,) and ask'd leave to return again to Fort Edward. The gen^l kindly told me that such as the camp afforded we should have but no liberty to return till the next Wednesday. But on Tuesday morning the Mohocks (having heard over night that we had left a great quantity of packs, plunder, &c., upon the spot where we fought,) started very early to go & get it. Which we imagining when we saw them run off, made our English blood boil, seing we could not have liberty to go ourselves. However, we were obliged to be easy with a promise of having our parts (which we never got to this day). In about three hours afterwards the Mohocks return'd with as much plunder as they could carry on their backs.

On Wednesday we march'd to Fort Edward with orders for Coll^l Blanchard to march his regiment on Thursday to Lake George. We got to the fort a little after sunsett with the joyful news of Lake

George being in possession of King George; and were receiv'd as joyfully as tho' we had arisen from the dead. On Thursday we march'd with the rest of our regiment from Fort Edward to Lake George, where we arived a little after sunset & joyn'd the army. In this fight which began about four of the clock afternoon and ended with the daylight, it was generally thought we kill'd & mortally wounded upward of an hundred Frenchmen and Indians.

Thus, sir, I have given you a narrative, as my memory furnishes me, of most of the facts (worthy your notice) in the aforesaid engagement. In perusing of which, if you receive any satisfaction it will compleatly recompence me for the trouble and pains taken therein by

Your most hble serv^t

To the Rev^d Mr LANGDON,
In Portsmouth.

NATHANIEL FOLSOM.

It is odd that this account of the final fight with Baron Dieskau's attacking army,—the most detailed one ever written, I suppose,—though in existence nearly a century and a half, has never been used by any historian who has described that eventful 8th of September. Dr. Belknap, in his History of New Hampshire, though he gives the general facts correctly, from "Folsom's information" as his footnote says, had apparently never seen this naïve account, with all the detail of Herodotus portraying a Greek skirmish. Sir William Johnson, the chief commander of the army, gave both the hour of the fight and the number engaged incorrectly. Other historians have erred more. The commander of the scouting party that fought so gallant a battle, the third engagement on that day, was not William McGennis, captain of a Schenectady company under Johnson, as most of the historians say; but was Nathaniel Folsom, captain of an Exeter company in Colonel Joseph Blanchard's New Hampshire regiment, who was afterwards a Revolutionary general and a member of the first Continental Congress. He was Exeter-born (in 1727) and died at his native town in 1790. He raised the company he commanded; his own son was the clerk, and three other Folsoms were in it, one of them his ensign. Three Gilmans and two Sanborns were also in it.

To explain the topographic situation, I may say that General Phineas Lyman (in command of the New England forces, under Sir William Johnson, and in chief command after the wounding of Johnson in the second engagement) had cut

a wagon-road from Fort Edward, where Colonel Blanchard with the New Hampshire troops was in garrison, to Lake George, thirteen miles distant, where General Johnson established his camp, without fortifications, and without knowing through scouts where the French and Canadians were. He even sent his men, under the unfortunate Colonel Williams, into an ambush of Indians; just as Braddock's army was surprised the year before. Williams was slain, the Colonists fell back, and the fight was renewed at the camp itself, which Johnson had rudely fortified just before Dieskau made his attack. Both sides fought well, and both generals were wounded,—Johnson once and slightly, Dieskau repeatedly, and almost to death. In the early afternoon the French were repulsed and fell back, not pursued by Johnson, whose caution then was as great as his rashness had been in the morning. What he had feared on the 7th of September, from a report of his Mohawk scouts, was an attack upon Colonel Blanchard at Fort Edward; he had sent two expresses the evening of the 7th, to bid him retire to his fort and await an attack. The erroneous account in Mr. Robert O. Bascom's recent book entitled "Fort Edward" calls that camp "Fort Lyman" in honor of the general who had built it. Bascom says:—

"Sunday evening, September 7, 1755, some Indian scouts informed Gen. Johnson that the enemy had marched from South Bay towards Fort Lyman. There was only 250 of the New Hampshire troops there, with five New York companies. A wagoner named Adams volunteered to ride to Ft. Lyman with the news, and to carry General Johnson's orders to Col. Blanchard to retire within the fort. An hour after, two Indians and two soldiers set out on the same errand; by midnight, they returned and said they saw the French about four miles from Ft. Lyman. They heard the report of a gun, and a man cry out, and thought it was Adams."

So far all is substantially correct. Relying perhaps on General Johnson's report, the error now begins. Bascom says:—

"About 8 o'clock on the evening of the 8th, 120 men from New Hampshire and 90 from New York, set out from Ft. Lyman to reinforce Gen. Johnson. This party was under the command of Captain McGuinnes. A severe engagement ensued, the French being finally driven from the field. McGuinnes, being an Indian officer, lost his life."

Captain Folsom shows that the movement of his forces occupied nearly the whole day; that he, and not McGennis, was in command, and that the fight was over by eight in the evening. Mr. Basecom had never seen or heard of this letter. A more exact account, mistaken at some points, is that printed in Boston, September 29, three weeks after the fight, apparently based on information sent by Dr. Thomas Williams, a surgeon in the army, and reading thus in relating this affair: —

“ The General on the 7th despatched two expresses that evening to Col. Blanchard. Mr. Adams, the first express, was killed by the enemy in going to the fort, and Gen. Johnson’s letter, sent by him to Col. Blanchard, was found in the French aide-de Camp’s pocket, the next day. . . . The third engagement was occasioned thus: — Col. Blanchard detached to the assistance of his friends between two and three hundred men: mostly from our state, and some New Yorkers, under the command of Capt. M’Ginnis. Between four and five o’clock they reached the place where Col. Williams had been attacked in the morning, and there they found about 1500 of the enemy, chiefly Indians, who had fled from the former battle, and were come hither to refresh themselves, scalp our dead, take their packs, and get off. Our men fell upon them with the greatest fury, made prisoners of some, killed a great many, and entirely routed them; driving them off the ground, and recovering more of their packs than they could carry with them to the Camp. This engagement was begun near the place where the French had encamped the night before, and where they had left their baggage. Accordingly, being thus driven off, our people the next day brought in four or five wagon-loads of ammunition, provisions, blankets, etc. . . . Their flight was so hasty, and so much in a fright, that as they fled they dropt their blankets, bread, and even some of the scalps of our men. We lost but few men in this fight. Gen. Johnson says two were killed, eleven wounded and five missing. Among the wounded is Capt. McGinnis, who behaved with prudence and valor. He is since dead of his wounds. The account we have received is that we slew near 100 of them.”

With this account before him the reader can better understand Captain Folsom’s story, with its curious details of a fight in the forest, where each man took to his tree, and had time between shootings to lunch on horse’s tongue and a sip of brandy, with which the “ Yorkers” seem to have been better supplied than the Hampshire men. This little force of Folsom’s had no knowledge of the defeat of the morning or the

victory of the afternoon. They only knew that their friends were in battle and needed help and they were determined to go to their aid. No doubt the death of McGennis from his wounds prevented him from reporting his share in the fight, which seems to have been more satisfactory than that of his men from Schenectady, a detachment of whom needed the threat of Folsom to fire upon them, to keep them in the contest after dark. The anger of New Hampshire soldiers, not permitted to get a share of the French plunder till the second day after their victory, is significant. General Johnson in detaining them probably wished to gather in the ammunition and supplies for the use of the whole army ; his Mohawks were allowed to plunder a little in recompense for having lost their chief " King Hendrick " in the first encounter. When Dr. Langdon, was President of Harvard, twenty years later, he records in the books of the College that " the Indian Cap and Moggisons of Hendrick " who was killed in the battle at Lake George, had just been received as a gift to the College, where possibly they are still preserved.

Mr. ALBERT B. HART communicated a number of unpublished historical documents, which had been in his possession for about two years, coming to him through the Committee on Documents which made an attempt to collect fugitive materials for history for the Society's archives. They are as follows: a letter from Alpha Thorpe, dated Austinburg, October 5, 1812, to Lieut. David Belden, Southfield, Berkshire, Mass., giving an account of the state of affairs at the West after the surrender of Detroit; an orderly book kept during the Revolution beginning at Morristown May 25, 1780, and ending at Peekskill August 1; a translation made by Francis Sales, in 1802, of a great mass of official documents relating to the detention on the west coast of South America of the American brig " Mars," of Nantucket, suspected by the Spanish authorities of illicit trading ; copy of an unsigned letter from Edward Everett, dated Charlestown, Jan. 4, 1836, believed to have been written to Caleb Cushing, at that time a member of Congress from Massachusetts, with reference to the Presidential election of that year; and the copy of a letter marked private from Daniel Webster to Thomas B. Curtis, of Boston, dated March 12, 1843, relating to the mis-

sion to China, afterward given to Mr. Cushing, in which Mr. Webster writes: "I regard the English mission, or any other mission, as subordinate to the situation which I now hold. If I were to remain in the public service, I should prefer to remain where I am. The only reluctance I had in recommending Mr. Everett was the difficulty I felt in filling his place in London. For myself, nothing could induce me to go abroad, at my age and without fortune, but a much clearer prospect of accomplishing great good than I am now able to see. My expectation is, truly, to be very shortly in the midst of the circles of private life."

Dr. SAMUEL A. GREEN read the following paper:—

The Historical Library has among its manuscripts the records of "a Society for compiling a Magazine in the town of Boston," of which the membership was limited to a number not less than seven, nor more than twenty-one persons. At the start the association consisted of twelve members, and their first meeting was held on November 25, 1783, when officers were duly chosen. Of these twelve original members six at a later period became members of the Historical Society; and from time to time new members were chosen, generally after a nomination at the preceding meeting. In this way seven names were added to the original list of twelve; and of the total number of nineteen members eight afterward belonged to the Historical Society, namely:—John Eliot, James Freeman, George R. Minot, Aaron Dexter, John Clarke, John Bradford, Benjamin Lincoln, and Christopher Gore. Of the ten original members of the Historical Society, three were original members of the Society for compiling a Magazine, namely:—Messrs. Eliot, Freeman, and Minot.

These men were all persons of historical tastes and instincts, as is shown by the fact that one of the objects of the Magazine Society was to publish a Gazetteer of Massachusetts, giving a sketch of every town in the Commonwealth.

The main object of the organization was to publish a periodical, which afterward became known as "The Boston Magazine." This publication was issued by "Norman & White at their office in Marshall's Lane, near the Boston Stone"; and the first regular number appeared in November,

1783, though there had been an earlier one in October, which the publishers in their Preface requested should "not be ranked among the numbers of the Boston Magazine: And shall take the liberty of calling the Magazine for November, the first number." In their Preface to this October issue the publishers add:—"We may say, with a degree of certainty, (as we are promised the assistance of a number of gentlemen of genius and education) that the following Numbers will excel this." This allusion is to the Society now under consideration. The record book runs from November 25, 1783, to May 13, 1785, though there are memoranda elsewhere which show that meetings were held as late as the following November. Ordinarily the Society met once a fortnight, though sometimes at longer or shorter intervals according to circumstances. At these meetings the various papers offered for publication in the Magazine were considered, when judgment was passed upon them.

It is an interesting fact to note that among the earliest publications of the Historical Society there is printed an account of the celebration of the tercentenary of the Discovery of America, when an address was delivered by Dr. Belknap, on October 23, 1792; and in the first volume of "The Boston Magazine" (pp. 280-285) there is an essay by Dr. Belknap, on the subject "Has the discovery of America been useful or hurtful to mankind?" The copy of the bound Magazine given to the Library, on April 9, 1791, by the Rev. Dr. James Freeman, has in his own handwriting at the end of some of the articles the names of the respective authors; and the essay in question is signed "R. J. Belknap" (Rev. Jeremy Belknap). This circumstance, though trifling in itself, shows what was running in the author's mind at that early period of his literary life, and to what subjects he was then paying attention.

Another coincidence in the publication of the Magazine is the fact that for a while it was the organ of a body of men whose writings appeared first in its pages; and later, the same fact may be noted in connection with the earlier articles by members of the Historical Society, which appeared first in "The American Apollo." It shows, too, how in two instances during the latter part of the eighteenth century the papers of literary societies appeared in periodical publications; and,

furthermore, the two magazines continued for a while after the Societies respectively withdrew their support.

An interesting feature of "The Boston Magazine" was the printing of a "Geographical Gazetteer of Massachusetts," which came out as a serial number at the end of certain issues. Usually it consisted of eight pages, but in one instance of sixteen pages. In this supplement an account of twenty-one towns in Suffolk County is given, comprising the whole of the County as then constituted, besides an unfinished description of Charlestown in Middlesex County. Beginning with the number for October, 1784, and ending with that for November of the next year, ninety-six pages were thus printed, though the last page is numbered ninety-eight by mistake.

These separate issues were carefully collected by Dr. Freeman, and together with a manuscript completion of the sketch of Charlestown and a titlepage, both by himself, were bound, and given by him to this Library among its earliest accessions. At the end of some of the articles he has added the authorship, as follows: Boston, Dr. John Warren, Colonel Dawes, Rev. John Clarke, and Rev. James Freeman; Chelsea, Rev. Phillips Payson; Dorchester, Rev. Moses Everett; Weymouth, Dr. Cotton Tufts; Hingham, General Lincoln; Hull, General Lincoln; Walpole, Major Seth Bullard; and Charlestown, Dr. Josiah Bartlett. Naturally sets of the Gazetteer are now extremely rare, and the number of copies in existence could be counted, probably, on the fingers of one hand.

I have described in some detail this "Society for compiling a Magazine," as in a certain sense it was the parent or forerunner of the Historical Society. A considerable portion of its membership at a later period became founders or early members of this Society; and it is evident that in their work they were animated by the true spirit of historical inquiry. Another line of parallelism between the two is the fact that both bodies started with a limited membership. In the "Proposals" issued by the publishers of the Magazine, it is said that "Several gentlemen have engaged to arrange the materials which shall be sent them,"—evidently referring to the members of the "Society for compiling a Magazine"; and the publishers also set forth the need and importance of full descriptions of the various towns in the Commonwealth and in the District of Maine.

In the earlier volumes of the Historical Collections similar descriptions of towns are given; and Ebenezer Pemberton, who wrote an historical account of Boston which appears in Volume III., refers to the sketch printed in the Geographical Gazetteer as a supplement to "The Boston Magazine," and evidently used it in the preparation of his own paper. These several circumstances all go to show that there was a certain continuity of tradition in the minds of men who at that period were cultivating a taste for historical research, and who also had a desire to interest the public in their work. A connection between the Society and the Magazine was kept up for nearly two years, when, on October 28, 1785, the Society voted to withdraw entirely from the publication; and then the union was dissolved.

The publishers of the first three numbers (November, 1783, to January, 1784), were Norman & White, but in February the firm name was changed to Norman, White & Freeman, and under this style they continued as publishers for the next five numbers (February to June inclusive); and in July, 1784, they were followed by Greenleaf & Freeman, when Norman's name drops out of the firm. The volume is fully illustrated with copperplate engravings, made by Norman, who had been one of the publishers. In the number of "The Boston Gazette, and the Country Journal," February 14, 1785, appear two advertisements, one by the publishers and the other by the engraver, in which there is much recrimination in regard to their former business relations. At that period John Norman was a well-known engraver who did creditable work in his special line, as shown by various illustrated books. He was the publisher of the first Boston Directory, printed in the year 1789, though his own name does not appear in the body of the work; but it is given in the Directory for 1796, which was the second issue of that publication.

In Number V. of "An Impartial History of the War between Great Britain and the United States" (Boston, 1782), facing page 257, is a "Plan of the Town of Boston," which was engraved and signed by Norman. Substantially the same map appears in the October number (1784) of "The Boston Magazine," with some slight changes, though not signed; and it also appears in the Boston Directory for 1789, with other variations, again not signed. The engraver, prob-

ably, was a son of John and Martha (Shaw) Norman, but little is known concerning his early life. It may be worthy of note that these three engraved maps by him are all based on Captain John Bonner's Map of Boston, published in 1722. Even William Price's Map, as published in 1739, 1743, and 1769, was struck from the same plate as Bonner's, though there were many changes in order to make it conform to the new dates respectively.

The "New-England Palladium & Commercial Advertiser" (Boston), Tuesday, June 10, 1817, has the following notice of his death:—

On Sunday evening [June 8], Mr. John Norman, aged 62 [69]—Funeral this afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from his house, Cross-street, friends and relatives are requested to attend without a further invitation.

In the several "Death" notices, as given by the Boston newspapers, there is a disagreement in regard to his age, some of them saying that he was sixty-nine years old at the time, and others that he was sixty-two years, but the records in the City Registrar's office show that his age was then sixty-nine. He died of "slow fever," and was buried in Copp's-Hill Burying Ground. The given name of his widow was Alice.

The PRESIDENT said:—

At our February meeting reference was made to the congressional status at that time of the Memorial recently presented by the Council in the matter of the frigate Constitution.¹ The session has now closed, and it is with no small degree of regret I have to report that our effort proved futile. No provision of the nature of that asked for was made. I can, however, with confidence assert that this result was not due to lack of interest, or failure persistently to press the matter upon the favorable notice of those in authority at Washington in whose hands the decision rested. Indeed no stone was left unturned. The miscarriage seems to have been due to Mr. Foss, Chairman of the House Naval Committee. Of New England descent, having been born in

¹ *Ante*, pp. 189-192. See also 2 Proceedings, vol. xi. pp. 198-200, 210, 211; vol. xv. p. 493; and *ante*, pp. 60, 118-123.

Berkshire, Franklin County, Vermont, in 1863, Mr. Foss is a graduate of Harvard College in the Class of 1885. Subsequently receiving degrees from the Columbia Law School, and School of Political Science, in New York, since 1889 he has been in the practice of law in Chicago; and, in 1894, was elected a member of the Fifty-fourth Congress. The present, or Fifty-eighth, is therefore the fifth successive Congress in which he has held a seat; and he now represents the Tenth Illinois District, mainly composed of the northernmost wards of Chicago. An influential member throughout his congressional service, Mr. Foss has been actively interested in naval affairs, and a leading factor in the recent reorganization of the service, and the substitution of ironclads for earlier vessels.

The movement for the rehabilitation of the Constitution failed in its final stage, and on the threshold of success. As the result of numerous interviews and prolonged correspondence, the aid of all the persons whose co-operation was necessary, or deemed important, had been secured with the single exception — a very important one, as it proved — of Mr. Foss. The President and Secretary Moody were greatly interested; as also were our two associates, Senators Hoar and Lodge. Ex-Governor John D. Long, fresh from the Navy Department, not only wrote to the individual members of the Naval Committee and the Conference Committee on the part of the House, but, chancing to pass through Washington, saw certain of them personally. He also put the representatives of the Society in communication with Frank W. Hackett, who had been, with a single intermediate, Assistant Secretary of the Navy in succession to Mr., now President, Roosevelt. Mr. Hackett felt an eager sentimental interest in the Constitution, and at once expressed himself as ready to do anything in his power for her preservation. Our associate Edward Everett Hale also was on the ground, as Chaplain of the Senate, and equally interested. Towards the end of February Secretary Moody chanced to be in Boston, and did me the favor to call upon me in relation to the matter. The members of the Senate Naval Committee who were later upon the Conference Committee had been strong and outspoken in their advocacy. Through their efforts an item was inserted in the Naval Appropriation Bill, when before the Senate for consideration, providing \$400,000 for the reconstruction of the

Constitution. It passed without objection. So much was secured. The item had been made part of the bill; it only remained to keep it there.

There seemed good reason to hope that it could be kept there. The President favored it; the past and the present Secretaries of the Navy united in favoring it; the Senate Committee favored it, and the Senate had adopted it. Our associate Senator Lodge exerted himself, as naturally he would, personally calling on the House Conferees. Moreover the Chicago Historical Society took the matter up, adopting the following memorial in aid, besides through its officials personally corresponding with Mr. Foss:—

TO THE SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES FROM ILLINOIS:

The members of the CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY hereby strongly indorse the movement for the preservation of the U. S. frigate CONSTITUTION now lying at the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, — a war vessel around which cluster many memories of the early days of the Republic—the vessel which, by its destruction of the British war ship “Guerrière,” gave to the War of 1812 its first victory, and encouraged the Nation to renewed and ultimately successful efforts, after the early and discouraging events of the war.

The Society urges that the Members of Congress from Illinois favor the appropriation added by the Senate to the Naval Appropriation Bill for the repair or rebuilding of the famous Frigate, that it may be an object lesson, showing what in 1812 was considered a well-equipped vessel of war, thus illustrating the marvellous progress which steam and steel have wrought in naval architecture in a single century. The frigate CONSTITUTION, so long as she is afloat, will serve to recall a naval victory which, small in itself when won, was the foundation of the maritime power of the Nation.

FRANKLIN H. HEAD, *Acting President.*

JOSEPH T. BOWEN,
WILLIAM A. FULLER,
CHARLES F. GUNTHER,
S. H. KERFOOT, JR.,
GEORGE MERRYWEATHER,
OTTO L. SCHMIDT,

} *Members of the
Executive Committee.*

Under these circumstances, I confess to having indulged to the last moment in a hope that the Senate appropriation would be accepted by the Conference Committee. I was mis-

taken. Mr. Foss proved obdurate; and the Senate conferees, it would seem, yielded to him. From the bill as finally reported from conference, the item on behalf of the Constitution had been stricken out.

In the course he thus took Mr. Foss was unquestionably actuated by motives wholly creditable in a way. In a time of unexampled extravagance and waste he insisted on what was undeniably a measure of economy. The item was stricken from the bill on the express ground that such an expenditure was not a proper use to be made of public money. In other words, in the traditions of a reconstructed navy there was no place for sentiment, — no recollection of past service rendered, or glories won. It was a case of money's worth; and sentiment and gratitude have no money value.

With that conclusion not only this Society, but all the many thousands interested in the preservation of the fighting frigate of 1812, must, for the present in any event, rest satisfied. It is not incumbent upon us, nor would it be proper, to venture criticism; although certainly there were appropriations of the last Congress more open to objection than that to restore the Constitution. This fact, however, it would be useless as well as unbecoming to emphasize by illustration. Fortunately a hope may still be entertained that some succeeding Congress will take a view more in consonance with what the members of this Society confidently believe is, as Mr. Foss expressed it in a letter on the subject, "the will of the people" in this matter.

Informal remarks were made during the meeting by Rev. Drs. EDMUND F. SLAFTER and EDWARD E. HALE and by Mr. JOHN NOBLE.

A new serial of the Proceedings containing the records of the February, March, and April meetings was ready for distribution.